

There are three companions with whom you should keep on good terms,—your Wife, your Stomach and your Conscience; if you would enjoy peace, long life and happiness.—*Boston Times*.

How can a man keep on good terms with his Wife when he has got none,—with his Stomach and his Conscience, when the election of 'Old Tip' has clearly proved that there are no such animals in existence as the one or the other,—and "how the devil" can a man expect to enjoy peace, long life or happiness, *any way*, while he is the editor of a political newspaper? Tell us that, now, will ye?

What an excellent pair of rubber suspenders a whig conscience would make!

"WHO-WHO-A-A, NEDDY!"

We had a beautiful fall of snow last Sunday, and this (Monday) morning, it is "finer than a fiddle" out of doors. The air is just keen enough to make one's step quick and business-like, and the crowd rushes along the slippery side-walks as if every "mother's son" of them had a dozen bank notes to pay before noon.

The boys are out with their sleds, shouting and whooping, and tumbling each other in the snow; and the girls, with bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, their tiny hands nestling like birds in their muffs, are tripping along to school. Gee up, Neddy!—Such a morning is enough to make a boy again, of the cruelest old ditty-ditty under heaven.

Our friends, WITT & SOUTHCATE, have just received the most fashionable assortment of Winter goods "ever known in the history of man."

There is a "perfect rush" at their counter, of the beauty and fashion of our little world.

THE RESULT.

We copy the following calm and judicious remarks upon the result of the general election from the New York Evening Post, and heartily concur with the sentiments expressed in them:

"General Harrison is the President elect of the United States; the returns from the western counties of New York have decided that question. The time for a "change," has at last arrived; the time when the people in order to be convinced of the benefits of a democratic policy, must try a taste of its opposite.

There is no teacher like experience. No man values the blessings of health like him who has just risen from a sick bed—no man enjoys the sweets of liberty like him who has lost the bitterness of oppression. We suppose that it is just so with nations—to keep up their attachment to a wise and liberal government, which respects the rights and liberties of all alike, it may be necessary that now and then they should submit to see their affairs administered on principles which evad the few at the expense of the many.

The democratic party will watch the conduct of the new administration, we hope, in a spirit of fairness, but with a determination to contest every inch of ground, in the attempt which will doubtless be made to revive exploded principles and pernicious measures. If they succeed in forcing a national bank upon us, we shall never cease to call for a repeal of its charter. If they return to the policy of internal improvements which prevailed under the younger Adams, we shall demand that they be abandoned, the moment the democratic party is again in the ascendancy. If they revive a protective tariff we shall claim that it be rescinded. Every step that is taken in violation of the constitution and the principles of equal rights will be traced the moment their brief hour of authority is past.

The first step will undoubtedly be to propose a national bank. They see that the commerce of the country is rapidly reviving, and the money market gradually recovering from the state of confusion into which it was thrown by the failure of our banking system, and they will be hasty to apply the grand remedy, in order that it may have the credit of bringing about the favorable results which might infallibly take place, and in fact, are taking place without it. Let them create their national bank and let those subscribe in it stock who are willing to contribute their capital to an institution which has only four years at most to live. Its charter will scarcely outlive the period proposed for filling up its stock.

NOVEL DISCOVERY.—The London Atheneum states that Mr. Marsh, an adorably dressed man of the Royal Arsenal, recently discovered that it is an invincible rule with iron which has remained for a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains, or to an impalpable powder, to become red hot, and ignite any object with which it may come in contact. This he experienced by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact may be useful in accounting for spontaneous fires the origin of which has never been traced.

"Dr. Person," said a gentleman to the great "Grecian," with whom he had been disputing—"Dr. Person, my opinion of you is most contemptible." "Sir," returned the doctor, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

It was the saying of a great divine, built on long observation, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people than ever he expected.

The editor of the *Portland Transcript* seems to be one of the happiest fellow's living. Hear him!

K. K. K. The people are decidedly in favor of "change." We want no better evidence of this, than the "sweet misses" we are constantly receiving. The "Kake Keeps Coming" almost every day, until our sanctum is literally perfumed with the poet's words,

"delicious breath marriage sends forth."

If we were a "marriageable man" now, our cake bill would be trifling. We have had enough sent to us lately to answer for a half a dozen wedding feasts. We "dream" bridal cake every night, and we are visited with rare visions. A blessing on old Hymen, say we!

The Private Secretary of the Governor is about to make an attempt to revive the *Temperance cause*.—Putrid.

Do what, did you say, Marston? *Receive* the temperance cause? Pray tell us, if anything has conduced to *quintus* that cause, that an attempt should be made to *revive* it? Hard cider pawpaws and log cabin gravestones have not injured it, in the least, "oh not certainly not."

ALL IS NOT LOST!

We have saved, Virginia. We have saved the Citadel.—We have saved the flag of the Republican party—and with it the means of rallying and reuniting the Democracy of the Land. A brighter day yet awaits us.—John Q. Adams with his Federal Dynasty could only remain in *four years*.

The People rose in the majesty of their strength, and drove those unclean politicians from power. Let Harrison and his federal clique take warning by the destiny of their predecessors and profit by their example.

APPEARANCE.

"How did you think I appeared at the party last evening?"

"Oh, finely, as usual."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly, I do."

"Do you think I appear as well at a party as at a ball?"

"Yes, though I have never taken particular notice."

"Now, really, tell me,—honestly—will you?"

"To be sure, I'll tell you honestly, if I tell you at all."

"Well, now—I am anxious to know—when do you think I appear the best?"

"When you are minding your own business, madam."

Wardlaw has sent us his portrait, which he calls "the portrait of a loco-foco editor after election." They say it flatters you, somewhat, Wardlaw; does it?

ON DIT.

It is currently reported, and generally believed that the first message of Gen. Harrison, in case of his election, is to be written on a "coen skin," with the tail of an "opossum," enveloped in the hide of a "dead eagle," sealed with a "log cabin," and shipped to the Royal Kitchen Maid, in a gourd bearing the inscription "K. K. V. K. M.—Confidential Committee to Victoria, their Confidential Mistress. What a present to a Queen!

John Van Buren, V. B., is elected to Congress in the 7th district of N. York, comprising the counties of Ulster and Sullivan. This gives the administration party a net gain of two, and makes the delegation stand—Whigs 19, Van Buren 21.

A termagant told her spouse that she believed him to be related to the devil; "only by marriage," was the reply.

I wonder how they make laudier matches," said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarreling. "The process is very simple—once made once," replied he.—"How did you manage it?" "By leading you to church."

SPECIE.—The Harve packed Duchess of Orleans took out \$20,000 from N. York on Monday. It is said that \$1,700,000 have left New York since the 1st of September.

The Ropewalk at the United States navy Yard, in Charleston, is said to be the most perfect establishment of the kind in the world. It is 1800 feet long, with granite walls, slate roof, and iron windows-shutters. The work is done with an enormous steam engine, by which the hatching, dressing, spinning, and almost every other operation in making a rope or cable is done. About one hundred of the spinning, hatching and dressing machines are in one room, in operation by steam. By the spinning of hemp in a machine, a more even thread, and consequently more perfect rigging and cables are formed. At this ropewalk, we understand, the principal rigging of the navy is or can be made.

ALEXANDER the Great, once degraded an officer of distinction, by removing him to an inferior situation. He, sometime after asked the officer how he liked his new office. "It is not the station," replied the officer "which gives consequences to the man, but the man to the station. No situation can be so trifling, as not to require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties." The monarch was so well pleased with this answer, that he restored him to his former rank.

WELL DONE!—The vote of Mardiobhead stood, at the election in Massachusetts, 499 for Morton, 31 for Davis. A Democratic net gain from last year.

WELL DONE AND EIGHTEEN!

CHIEF CLERK OF THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The Newport (N. H.) Argus and Spectator says—Our late esteemed townsmen, and former Editor of this paper, Benjamin H. French, Esq., has been appointed by Mr. Garland, Principal Clerk, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, in place of Samuel Birche, Esq. removed.

Vermont has given a majority for Harrison of about 14,000.

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A PREMEDITORY SYMPTOM.

THE BRITISH LION is loisted in yesterday's Evening Journal. We were not prepared for so early a display of the proper emblem of the party coming into power. Before General Harrison is worn in his seat the UNICORN will be added, and the BRITISH COAT OF ARMS will be complete.—*Albion Advertiser*.

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MY OWN NEW-ENGLAND HOME.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

My home, ever green with wild woodland,

And sheltered by the bridle,

O'er shadowed by the primly pine,

And interwoven in the lake;

Our deer, far, set, that to me,

These half or gilded deer,

Then all the lands beyond the scene—

My own New-England home.

Let others talk of feedly half,

Of kindly paup and state,

Of fallen meug, and moulderin wall,

The relic of the great;

Give me the est where I was born,

The old oak by the door,

The hill-side, yellowing with the corn,

And I will ask no more.

I gaze upon my mother land,

Her rivers, rolling by,

Her mountain mountains, as they stand,

Their dark peaks in the sky,

To brave the fury of the storm,

That round their heads have birth,

Her plains, where life, in all its forms,

Wakes from the nursing earth,

And ask myself, alive with pride,

Where is the land like this—

Of mountain, flood, and prairie wide,

And solemn wilderness?

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was once troubled with a spelling brain, whom

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